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PART 1

THE ORPHEUS POEMS - SERIES 01

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2023

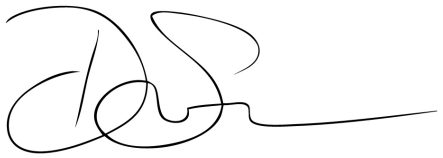
ETERNAL SONGS FROM MEMORY

DAVID SCANLON

POETRY

"Remain unbiased and curious to know what is universally and eternally true: with the necessary changes having being made you will know the tears of things and that love is the essence of life."

David Scanlon



"I do not hope for anything, I no longer fear anything, I was remade by the mind and by heart, I have ascended higher, I am free. I wanted nothing more. I sought only freedom."

Nikos Kazantzakis

Limited Print Run. This is:

No. ____

ETERNAL SONGS FROM MEMORY

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ALSO AVAILABLE AS

David Scanlon (2022) The Orpheus Poems. Foolish Poet Press; Wilmslow.

INSPIRING WORDS OF OTHERS

Booklist of Inspiring words that inspired more words (2022) - Open Library

David Whyte (2022) (Poem 1 - Poem - Your Prayer), Thomas Ernest Hulme (1913) (Poem 2 - Poem - Beauty is the marking-time), Jacob Boehme (1901 [1781]) (Poem 3 - Words - “Nothing truly but thine own Willing, Hearing, and Seeing do keep thee back from it, and do hinder thee from from coming to the Supersensual State.”), James Elroy Flecker (1911) (Poem 4 - Poem - To a poet a thousand years hence), Robert Frost (1916) (Poem 5 - Poem - The Oven Bird), Robert Seymour Bridges (1899) (Poem 6 - Poem - Awake, My Heart), Emily Bronte (1906) (Poem 7 - Poem - No Coward Soul is Mine), Thich Nhat Hanh (1999) (Poem 8 - Poem - Recommendation), Perla Battalla & Julie Christensen [Leonard Cohen] (2006[1992]) (Poem 9 - Lyrics - Anthem - Leonard Cohen: I’m Your Man [The Future]. The Verve Music Group [Columbia].), Friedrich Nietzsche, Gentiana Koçi, David Scanlon (1911 [2021]) (Poem 10 - Poem - From HYMN TO FRIENDSHIP, a poem created and inspired by a Fragment Poem (1) in Ecce Homo from The Complete Works of Friedrich Nietzsche - The First Complete and Authorised English Translation - Edited by Dr Oscar Levy. Volume Seventeen. T.N.Fouliss; Edinburgh.), Trumbull Stickney (1905) (Poem 11 - Poems - A new poem from two poems MNEMOSYNE and SONG in The Poems of Trumbull Stickney. Houghton, Mifflin & Co; New York. (Transformed David Scanlon (2021), Søren Kierkegaard (1849) (Poem 12 - Words - “The art of writing lines, replies, which express a passion with full tone and complete imaginative intensity, and in which you can none the less catch the resonance of its opposite - this is the art which no poet has practised except the unique poet Shakespeare”), Harold Bloom (2007) (Poem 12 - Words - “Free artists of themselves”. That freedom resonates the opposite, affirms the negation, at once undoing the self and enlarging the domain.”), Aldo Leopold (1949) (Poem 13 - Words - “Acts of creation are ordinarily reserved for gods and poets, but humbler folk may circumvent this restriction if they know how. To plant a pine, for example, one need be neither god nor poet; one need only own a shovel. By virtue of this curious loophole in the rules, any clodhopper may say: Let there be a tree—and there will be one.” in 'December: Pines above the Snow'), Emily Dickinson (1890 [1998]) (Poem 14 - Poem - Much Madness is divinest Sense - (620)), Gentiana Koçi (2021) (Poem 15 - Poem - FOR THE BELOVED.), Sarojini Naidu (1912) (Poem 16 - Poem - Nasturtiums), Muriel Rukeyser (1948) (Poem 17 - Poem - A Certain Music), Marianne Moore (1941) (Poem 18 - Poem - What are years?), Ralph Waldo Emerson (1847) (Poem 19 - Poem - Ode to W.H. Channing), Paul Muldoon (1980) (Poem 20 - Poem - Promises, Promises), Hollis Frampton (1973 [2015]) (Poem 21 - Words - “But the irreducible point is that I have made the work, have commissioned it of myself, under no obligation of any sort to please anyone, adhering to my own best understanding of the classic canons of my art. Does that not demonstrate love? And if it does not, then how much more am I obliged to do? And who (among the living) is to exact that of me?” From Love and Honour - Letter to Donald Richie - Curator at Museum of Modern Art - New York in More Letters of Note - Compiled by Shaun Usher. Canon Gate; London.)

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Also By The Same Author

The Poet, The Prisoner & The Fool
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Poetry For Business: Continuing Conversations
Speak Of Love: Continuing Conversations
Love Will Set You Free
The Poetry Of Life: Seeing Again
Staying Connected
Timeless Truths
Locked Down With Loves Freedom
The Ariel Poems - An Echo
35 Poems
Songs Of Life
Eternal Songs From Memory
Homeward-bound: Songs Along The Way
Unbounded Love

Translations By the Same Author

Poems Of Alberto Caeiro (Volume 1) - Fernando Pessoa
Poems Of Alberto Caeiro (Volume 2) - Fernando Pessoa
The Keeper of Flocks - Alberto Caeiro
Neehar - Mahadevi Varma (with Parul Singhal)
Collected Poems - New Translations
DUINO ELEGIES - Rainer Marie RilKE
Asceticism - Nikos Kazantzakis

Playlist for Poems (2022) Songs selected for the poems. A playlist inspired and for poetry. Art - Hilma Af Klint (1907) The Ten Largest. Adulthood No. 5 Group IV. The Paintings for The Temple.

FOR LOVE - FROM FRIENDSHIP

For love and honour and truth we strive;
To fortune and favour, so few of us arrive,
But compelled to work we still thrive and
Survive in this our everyday world!
Born who knows where, in dizzy swirls,
For us a new world must be unfurled!

From within, and being without, we arrive,
For years and years and years we strive,
Still compelled to work we thrive and
Some survive the everyday world!
Made in the making, we're unfurled
For us the world remains a swirl!

For love and honour and truth we strive;
In fortune and favour, is that how to thrive,
Without compulsion to work do you arrive
And survive in our everyday world?
We live, who knows where, in dizzy swirls,
But for us a new world is unfurled!

Eternal Songs From Memory

The Orpheus Poems

David Scanlon

The Foolish Poet Press

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WAVE UPON WAVE

Wave upon wave upon wave, what choices!
What choices, to succumb, to become, to be:
Life is the choices we make, the actions we take:
The raucous laughter, as it breaks;
The breaking smile, alone by the lake;
The lake of friendship, waves make!

Word upon word upon word, what choices!
What choices, to reveal, to appeal, to heal:
Life is the words we choose, the actions they lead:
The breaking hearts, as they bleed;
The bleeding mouths, we need to feed;
The feed is friendship, that words need!

Day upon day upon day, what choices!
What choices, not needs, not greed, take heed:
Life is the choices we make, the actions we take:
The legacy we leave, as new dawns break;
The breaking of silences, as we then take
The path of friendship that our days make!

ECHOING THE MUSE

What rights have we to feel, we hear,
The otherness, when nothing changes,
From year to year to year - do you hear?
Are we the lost, and last, voices?
Are we making the wrong choices?
Echoing the muse from our exchanges!

What obligations I now feel, I hear,
The otherness, and everything changes,
From time to time in time - do you hear?
Am I the last, the lost of voices?
Am I making the wrong choices?
Echoing the words from our exchanges!

What rights have I to feel, she is near,
This otherness, where nothing changes,
Her timeless time is time - do you hear?
Are we the lost, and last, voices?
Are we making the wrong choices?
Echoing the muse in our exchanges!

“The heart-broken heart
coming to heart-felt rest

the opening inside you
now filled to gleaming brim
and casting its generous beam,

the part of you you thought
was foolish, the wisest voice of all.”

FINDING LOVE WITHIN

The simple moments of rest-filled peace
require a listening ear and a silence, to see,
again, all that is lost in our foolish thoughts:
    You and I live in these ways;
    An opening up inside of us
    Allows us to find love beyond.

In the hubble and bubble of our trouble
is a mystery within, the voice within. Words,
again, yet without those foolish thoughts:
    Thank you for all our ways;
    For the part of you within me
    Allowing me to find her love.

The simple smile, in this gifts receipt,
bestows upon me all her light, unseen,
again, the words come to foolish poets!
    You and I live in poetic ways;
    An opening up inside of us
    Allows us to find love within.

YOU SING IN JOY

What strength you give me,
You, you singer of our songs;
You quiet one, you humble one.
    A voice echoing through time:
    Of all the possibilities of….
    Of all the humanity of….

What light you shine on me,
You, you feeler of all our ways;
You, who, like us, knew and stayed.
    A singer echoing eternal time:
    Of all our captivations of….
    Of all the satisfactions of….

What joy you create in me,
You, you who no longer live;
You poet, you courageous one.
    Your voice echos through time;
    Of the mortality of us:
    Of the freedoms in us.

THE ETERNAL MARCH

I hardly know the cold, though dark we still
Live beyond the stillness, in constant motion -
A movement, with apparent purpose and yet:
Without the pleasure of presence;
Without the joy-spilling essence;
Within the time-march of things.

I know that I am not a thing, to measure,
To mark, like the machines in constant motion -
A movement, with repeating patterns and yet:
Within our things what are we;
Within the time-saved, can it be,
Without times-march, we are free!

I am free with my words, my love is still,
Life within the stillness is not a confined motion -
A movement, with no apparent purpose and yet:
It is the pleasure of our presence;
It is joy-spilled from our essence;
It is the eternal-march of our love.

AS ONLY POETS SING

Unconscious mind, from social structures freed,
Release in the newness, of this, our becoming,
The only words in which presence is present:
Hear in her cry the desirelessness of being,
The strength to re-imagine the realities,
And sing of this truth, as only poets sing!

Conscious mind, within social structures greed,
Appease in the newness, of this, our becoming,
And find the words from all present in presence:
Hear in their cry the desire of their being,
Their strength to re-imagine our realities,
And speak their truth, as only leaders speak!

Accept and trust what our social structures need,
Release them with a newness, of this, our becoming,
And be present in presence - let our words be us:
Speak of longing without desire - beingness
Is the strength to re-imagine our realities,
And sing of beauty as only poets sing!

A WILLING SOUL

I know not how, this never hearted man,
Defined the smile, the love and made play,
Without the self-knowledge of each day:
The ecstasy of wordless sight,
The joy-filled caress of the night,
The soul souring to new heights.

I know not when, the spirit-soul comes,
From your smile, your love and our play,
From the we-filled presence of our day:
The enchantment of words in flight,
The work-filled careness of delight,
The body engaged in new heights.

I now fully know, this full hearted man,
Defined by a smile, and love and play,
How to go along each and every day:
Seeing from the wordless sight,
Hearing care, so caressed by night,
A willing soul seeking new heights.

RISE UP: SWEETLY WE WILL TRAVEL

Women of the world raise up,
This is your moment to reveal
From the eternal voice within:
Let her delicacy embrace you;
Help dreams awake within love;
Playfully bring us to your place.

Our time is past, wars gone,
As we have done all we can:
It is now time for a new time:
A fragrant time to move us;
Wake from silent slumbers
Take us in your hands and …..

Move us with passion, filled with
The compassion of new voices,
From the eternal void without:
Let your longing consume us;
A gentle touch wiping tears away;
Sweetly let’s travel to your place.

POETIC FAITH

A window into my soul is enlightened,
A rainbow of colours, dancing words,
Speak gently of the heaviness of living:
Tears shed, as kindness touches -
A togetherness in the known fears
Embraces us in our poetic faith.

Those weary clouds are now distanced,
An eternity of colours, embracing words,
Weave gently the tapestry of our living:
Tears fled, as a smile enriches -
A togetherness in the known joys,
Enhanced from our poetic faith.

I ache now with the soul of a poet,
An echoing of colours, dancing words,
Speak gently in thankfulness of living:
Fears fled, as eternity touches -
A togetherness in our known words,
Enchanted by our poetic faith.

IF IT BE YOUR WILL

If it be your will, that I speak no Ill,
Seek in life thrill, and with voice still,
Speak of your will, from this broken hill:
I will then have found, a way profound
To sing of our love, unbroken from above,
This is the thrill, singing from your will.

If it be your will, let me with my voice,
Make a hopeful choice, together then rejoice,
Speak with this my will, from my broken hill:
We then may find, love we left behind,
And sing with a heart, beyond not apart.
This is the thrill, to sing of her will.

Now draw us near, as we escape our fear,
Lead us to your light, o guide of pure delight;
I will Sing of your will, from my broken hill:
Of rivers of delight, bathed in your light
Sing of all our love, cascading from above
This is the thrill, singing from my will.

THE ESSENCE OF THINGS

In word echoes from diminishing things,
A something else is brought, so begins
The re-birth as emerging silence rings:
Wordlessness reflected in words;
An eternal unknowingness heard;
Renewal from the blind absurd.

I live in the noise of humanities things,
A something else is brought, so begins
A patience as emerging thought stings:
Wordfullness reflects the absurd;
Our internal knowingness heard;
A retaking with our blind words.

Beyond, within all diminishing things,
A something else is brought, so begins
A beginning as emerging essence sings:
Wordfreeness reflecting words;
An external unknowingness heard;
Renewal, a liberation of this bird!

HOW GREAT THIS GIFT YOU BESTOWED

How great this gift you bestowed upon me,
With the investment of time, a passion to be:
In being wholly invested in all of us, your souls,
The choice was with us, to become whole!
You created the conditions, for us to thrive,
You made it possible for us to survive!

To survive and thrive was the outcome in me,
From my investment, with time, I became free -
For to be wholly invested is to find your soul:
The choice was with me, to become whole!
We created the conditions, for me to thrive,
We made it possible for me to survive!

How great this gift you bestowed upon me,
Found in a divestment, from time, a we is free -
And to be wholly invested is to find new words:
The choice was with us, even us nerds!
We create the conditions, for us to thrive,
We make it possible for us to survive!

ENABLING FATE

Let there now be a tree, let it take thee,
With boundless fun to become the one,
Who sees life beyond, and in living fond:
Of all the simple things which….
Of all the ample desires which….
Of all the friends who made thee!

It is in breaking rules, that we fools,
Become so free in the making of we -
We see life beyond and in living fond:
Of all the simple hobbies which…
Of all the ample skills which…
Of all the friends who accept fools!

So let's now create, not accept fate,
Let's all be the ones who create the fun,
Who live life beyond, and in love bond:
With the simplicity which makes us;
With the capabilities which take us;
With the friends who enable our fate!

TRUTH STILL SCARES

Love brings that moment to smile,
To embrace all that life holds dear,
Without fear, bringing others near!
I was once without her care,
Without acceptance of where
The truth of life still scares!

For to love is also to fear the loss,
But the lightness comes at dawn,
With joy born, in freedoms morn!
I am now within her care,
In full acceptance of where
The truth of life lives bare!

Awake now and see and smile,
Embrace and accept all as it is,
Fear as it is, and love as it is!
We-ness within her care,
Is full acceptance of where,
The truth in life still scares!

WHAT REARS BEYOND TEARS

A poetic life is for me, undying in the undignified -
The undermining delivery of my transgressions,
So I live eternally devoured in all that embraces:
For this is no race, yet if we fail to face
All the full realities of this, our place,
Our words may only be defaced!

A scientific life is for me, engaged whilst undying -
In the for-ever-mined delivery of my transmissions,
So I live grounded and devoured, with all who obsess.
Awake and in full dress, we do all to excess,
And the reality is, in this, we may oppress,
With words we may then only repress!

And in the joining of me, dignity with integrity -
The un-flowering delivery of my transmutation,
I now live inversely sustained as new words rear.
This is how she steers us beyond our fears,
From the unrealities of this, that shape tears,
Come words that may move beyond years!

RESONATING THE OPPOSITE

We cannot think ourselves into freedom,
For without otherness we are but nothing,
We must feel the betweenness of us to be:
To be free within enlightened control,
To be accepting of all negated fears,
Is to live beyond and within our life.

We cannot find voice for our freedom,
Without an unlearning of all that we are,
We must unravel in the betweenness to be:
To be free beyond enlightened control,
To be accepting of all negated loves,
Is to live within and beyond our life.

When we find our voice in our freedom,
We become otherness and the I is nothing,
I expresses the betweenness of our being:
Being free within enlightened control,
Being beyond all our fears and loves,
Is to live resonating poetically our lives.

MNEMOSYNE SONG

How warm a wind blew here about the ways!
And shadows on the hillside lay to slumber
During the long sun-sweetened summer-days.
A bud has burst on the upper bough,
Yet empty are the places I remember:
Yet a linnet sang in my heart today.

The babble of our children fills my ears,
And on our hearth I stare at perished embers,
To flames that show all starry thro' my tears.
I noticed the fly in a briar rose,
And filled are the places I remember:
The linnet to-day in my heart did sing.

But that I knew these places as my own,
I'd ask how came such wretchedness to cumber
The earth, and I cannot people it alone.
Good-bye, for the pretty leaves are down,
And empty are the places I remember:
The linnet still sings in my heart today.

LET SILENT PRAYERS SPEAK

What love did you feel and see today,
As the world overwhelmed you and,
In retreat, words of loathing flowed:
From within and without we are
At one with each other in beauty,
So let our silent prayers speak.

As we sit within the toxins of anxiety
We, should we choose, are taken over,
And in movement our habituations flow:
Yet within and without we are
At one with each other in words,
So let us sing our silent prayers.

In seeing and feeling beauty and love
It is the eternal that overwhelms you -
In delight the words from loving flows:
From within and without we are -
As one and another we are at one,
So let your silent prayers speak.

I WILL NOT WAIT

Thank you for ringing this bell,
Remembering how love fell, and
Arose again within musics spell:
Words in haunting melodies,
Remind us of hidden mysteries,
Anchored within our histories!

We are imperfect one and all,
Remember that we will fall, and
Rise again to the sirens call:
The cracks let the light in,
We are not perfect within,
And yet we can still win!

Win the love of friends with words,
Remember we are absurd, and
Yet in actions sing like the birds:
We all make melodies in life,
Though events present strife,
So I will not await the afterlife!

LET LOVE REIGN

No words console us, from their mouth,
The trust we had, it has all gone south:
Torn apart by their distance from truth -
So let us try to sail together again,
Let our words and our actions regain,
And forget all the words which reign!

Regain the sense of us, from our own day,
Let trust be then shaped from this our way:
Then let us shout it from our homes, our roofs -
So let us try to sail together again,
Let our words and our actions refrain,
From the words of power which reign!

Refrain from the temptations, it's easy to hate,
Let love then be shaped in this our new state:
Then let us sing it with full voices, less aloof -
So let us try to sail together again,
Let our words and our actions retain
A humility. Then, with truth, let love reign!